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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers will be presented in No. 49 with
AN ORIGINAL SONG, by MEYERBEER,
Which will be forwarded with the Journal.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—DEAR —,—You can form little idea in London of what music is here—of how musicians comport themselves towards the public—of the relations between musicians and members of the press—in short, of the humbug universally practised. I am not going to write an essay, don't imagine it, but I shall throw together a few particulars which may amuse you and your readers. You are aware that Ole Bull, the violinist, made a large fortune in the United States. You are aware that it was not his talents which backed him throughout, but the skilful manner in which he made the American press serve his purpose. He fed, bribed, and flattered them all, from Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*, to the most insignificant punster in the *Yankee Doodle*. It must have cost him a mint of money, but it answered his purpose; and with a talent little more than mediocre, he left the United States, after a sojourn of two or three years, crowned with fame, and loaded with dollars. The Americans consider Ole Bull the greatest violinist in the world, but you know how little this estimate is true. A man of much greater talent than Ole Bull—Leopold de Meyer, the pianist—came over here last September twelvemonth, and by similar means has contrived to gain similar notoriety. The art of puffing was never so transcendantly developed as by Leopold de Meyer. He brought over many copies of a portrait of himself, stated to be a tribute of admiration and esteem from his friends and adherents—but this portrait, as you know, was drawn on stone by M. Bauguet of London, at De Meyer's own expense. He brought with him a caricature, which he ordered and paid for in Paris, and which he places at the head of his programmes, and with which he adorns the corners of his note and letter-paper. He finally brought with him a memoir of his life, adorned with sundry portraits of himself, performing at the different European courts. This memoir also professes to be compiled by his friends and admirers, much against his inclination, and without his knowledge;—let the bull pass. Now, it is well known that he never played either at the French or English courts, yet this memoir contains drawings, in which he is represented at the grand pianoforte, in presence of Louis Philippe, &c., on the one hand, and Queen Victoria, &c., on the other. Moreover, I have heard it positively stated that the memoir itself, which is stuffed with outrageous

and ridiculous puffs from German, French, and English papers, was put together under Leopold de Meyer's own direction, by an Irish gentleman of letters whom the "lion-pianist" engaged for the purpose. All these things were used to good purpose by De Meyer on his arrival here, and his *charge d'affaires* (!) Herr G. C. Reitheimer, who accompanies him everywhere, studiously promulgated their contents, by force of pecuniary arguments, throughout the press. De Meyer has travelled over the entire surface of the United States, giving concerts wherever there was a chance of gaining a dollar beyond his expenses, heralded by the puffs preparatory which I have enumerated. I think he must have made a considerable sum of money, though not nearly as much as he gives out. You would imagine that a man of De Meyer's unquestionable talent stood in no need of such charlatanic aid; but I can assure you it is absolutely necessary in America. Without it nothing can be done—the finest talent, for want of it, will be neglected. Nothing, indeed, can surpass the despicable corruptibility of the American press. For one line of truth there are a dozen lines of falsehood in almost every paper. Need I cite Vieuxtemps, the violinist, to whom Ole Bull is a mere cipher? Well, Vieuxtemps did comparatively nothing in the United States, while Ole Bull made a fortune! If you want to know more of this matter, ask Vincent Wallace, the violinist and composer, who is, I believe, in London. He is well acquainted with the subject, and can enlighten you to your heart's content.

On the 30th of September another musical celebrity from Europe set foot on the shores of New York—Camillo Sivori, the violinist. He came by the Great Western, and was in the dreadful storm that you must have heard of. He was taken ill on his arrival, and confined ten days to his bed. However, between the 12th and 24th of this month he contrived to give four concerts here, with great success, and has now gone to Boston on the same errand. Sivori has come with his brother, and was preceded by a *charge d'affaires*—M. Zany di Ferranti, a Spaniard, who appears to understand business as well as the "Reitheimer" himself, although the "lion pianist" is more conversant in the art of humbug than Sivori, who appears a very straightforward unassuming person. The arrival of Sivori has been the cause of much disquietude in certain quarters. The "lion" loves to roar in solitude, and cannot abide even a growl from a brother-lion. Accordingly certain of the venal press in his lionship's interest have commenced a regular warfare against the late comer. Sivori, however, is not without advisers, and De Meyer, owing to some personal peculiarities, has a considerable number of enemies. The consequence has been a counter-attack upon De Meyer from that portion of the press that has not benefitted by his *largesses*, or at least not sufficiently to satisfy them. Doubtless they expect to be most liberally rewarded by Sivori, who on the

other hand, is shut out from the giant journals which have been bought wholesale by De Meyer at extravagant terms. Only when De Meyer has gone will these journals be open to a treaty with Sivori. They will then serve De Meyer as they served their first master, Ole Bull, and displace him from his throne in favor of his successor who remains upon the soil. In the meanwhile the American public believes the criticisms of these men, and is influenced by them!!!

But now another lion has arrived, and, worse still, a pianist. This is no other than Henri Herz, whom all the world knows, and who will be a greater obstacle in De Meyer's path even than Sivori. Herz has already given a concert at the Tabernacle with great success, and the friends of De Meyer are in dismay. What is to be done? Herz is a novelty—De Meyer is no longer new. Herz has a name celebrated all over Europe—De Meyer is comparatively little known. All the amateurs play Herz's music—few professors, even, can play De Meyer's. Nothing is left, *on dit*, for De Meyer but to pack up his portraits, his caricatures, his Erards, and his *charge d'affaires*, and quit America ere the sun of his glory shall begin to set before the rising sun of his rival's. Report is already busy. An invitation, which amounts to a command, from the Emperor of Austria, De Meyer's illustrious patron, is spoken of in several places. What can De Meyer do? He must accept it, or he loses his income as *Kapellmeister* to the court at Vienna,* which amounts to a sum in the face of which 30,000 dollars would look as nothing. Off he must go then, and leave behind him much of the fame and money he intended to have earned in Yankee Land. *C'est dommage—car c'est un bon enfant!*

I enclose some extracts from the papers, of which make your own use. You will most probably hear from me again by the next steamer. Yours, &c. A. L.

* It is generally understood that poor Donizetti held that office, and that his place will shortly be filled up by Liszt. Perhaps our correspondent is better informed.

MISS BIRCH, MISS DOLBY, AND MR. JOHN PARRY.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following notice, which appeared in a Sunday paper, of a concert which was given at Islington on the 16th inst., in answer to the report that "Miss Birch had refused to sing in any concert in which Miss Dolby and Mr. John Parry should be henceforward engaged," which appeared in our last week's number:—

"ISLINGTON.—A concert was given on Monday evening, at the Literary Institution, Islington, which was very fully attended. Numerous songs, duets, &c., were sung with the greatest success, by Misses Birch, E. Birch, Dolby, and Master Banister, Messrs. Lockey, Leffler, and John Parry; and the encores were numerous. Mr. Clinton played a brilliant solo on the flute; and Messrs. Blackshaw and C. Severn gave Mendelssohn's military duet, for pianoforte, extremely well; and the latter conducted the performance with great ability."

Our correspondent further informs us, that Miss Birch sang at Mr. Marshall's farewell concert, which took place at Oxford, on the 19th inst., and eke Mr. John Parry. "Were she (Miss Birch)," persists our correspondent, "to refuse to sing at concerts where Miss Dolby and John Parry are engaged, she would be but very rarely heard." Our correspondent and ourselves are here at issue. Miss Birch's talent is solid, her popularity universal. She can sing anywhere, and without anybody's assistance. Nevertheless, we trust that there is no kind of rancour on either side. Our English concerts are never so agreeable as when the talents of the two

delicious songstresses, and the humour of the side-splitting *buffo* in question, are combined to form the staple of their attractions. To split them into three would enfeeble their significance.



MERCADANTE AND BOCHSA.

THE above lithographic sketch is founded on the following anecdote. When Bochsa was at Naples, Mercadante not only submitted to him the entire direction of his operas, but never failed to consult him about his new scores. Bochsa had his own blunt manner of giving his musical opinions, and he was wont to take Mercadante into a corner of the San Carlo after the rehearsal was over, and proffer him advice on his forthcoming operas. When *Il Vascello di Gama*—an opera written by Mercadante for Madame Bishop, and produced in March, 1845—was in rehearsal, several of these corner-councils were held by Bochsa and Mercadante, and the former was wont to address the latter somewhat as follows:—"Listen to me, my dear Mercadante; your music is very fine indeed, very fine—yes! Your first act is admirable, excellent—very good—yes! But, in the second act—ah! yes! if you don't cut that long wind instrument—yes, that long wind instrument symphony in the second act, before the duet of Madame Bishop and Colletti; if you don't curtail also the *largo* and *stretta* of your second finale; if you don't make the introduction to the third act less noisy, and less lengthy—yes, less lengthy; and if you persist in making Madame Bishop—yes, mind, in making Madame Bishop sing an interminable, yes, a very long *adagio sostenuto*, in the same act, perched on a rock in the middle of the sea, after three days of starvation—yes; and above all, my dear Mercadante, if you don't entirely cut out——"

It was at this point of the dialogue that the artist took his sketch, and the earnestness and patronising, though friendly air of Bochsa, is well contrasted with the half indifferent look of the composer, who endeavoured to take his friend's advice as a council well meant. The contrast of figures rendered the sketch more remarkable, Mercadante being very small,

and Bochsa, as every body knows, only a few removes from a Patagonian, and the Neapolitan wags, ever ripe for fun, bought up all the copies they could lay hands upon, and circulated them among their friends. Several thousands were sold in a few days. It is due to Bochsa to say, that Mercadante followed his advice implicitly, and that the opera of *Il Vascello di Gama* was entirely successful.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER AND HIS BOUQUETS.

(From the American papers.)

[THE following extracts are curious enough, though their precise meaning is difficult to get at.]

No. 1.

"We understand that the Lion pianist proposes to hire bouquets of artificial flowers hereafter, for his concerts!"

No. 2.

"BOUQUETS AND CONCERTS.—As the penny-a-liners have it—there was quite an excitement in the lion's den on last Thursday evening, relative to an incorrect return of the bouquets of the evening. The usual number had been bought and distributed carefully among the friends of the concert-giver, and when thrown according to rehearsal, were picked up by him and carried into his den. A number of loafers and other gentlemen of his acquaintance found their way there, and the bouquets found their way out. A frightful row ensued, but unfortunately no one was hurt, so this paragraph is deprived of its point!!!"

No. 3.

"We are told that an extra performance, not named in the programme, took place at De Meyer's last concert at the Tabernacle, which the audience entirely lost, as pretty much all were gone before it occurred. This was a quarrel between two pair of German moustachios, one of which belonged to the 'monster pianist,' the other to a German gentleman connected with the city press and the musical world. Very high words passed, as far as we understand, in high German, fists were shaken, and it would probably have come to blows, had not the 'Lion's jackal' induced his master to withdraw for safety. Some curious developments were then made about the mode of getting up *monstre concerts*, the price of bouquets and puffs, and about puffs being originally furnished in German and translated to order; which facts, whenever they are all laid before the public, will perhaps help to enlighten the world more upon certain subjects than even the famous Templeton scrape. De Meyer is said to be an Austrian Jew, and his real name *Loeb Meier*. However, his acknowledgment or denial of his name and creed cannot affect his piano-forte playing!!!"

No. 4.

"WHO STOLE THE BOUQUETS? WHO PAID FOR THEM?—We understand that there was an amusing scene at the Tabernacle on the night of De Meyer's last concert. At the conclusion of the first piece, he brought into the retiring room a handful of bouquets. Some of the ladies who sang for him helped themselves, or were helped to some of them, and the bouquets disappeared, in consequence, from the table. He accused a German gentleman of taking them, who took his accusation as a joke. Again the great master played—again he was laden with floral offerings. They were deposited by him on the table, and, probably out of devilment, taken away or hidden. Again he accused his countryman of the act,

saying that some of the bouquets were stolen, that he should have—we believe we are correct in the number—sixteen. To which his friend maliciously replied, 'You ought to know how many you paid for.' From this, it would appear that bouquets and wreaths thrown to performers do not always come from a generous and deserving public. They are sometimes bought by the artists themselves, who get their acquaintances to throw them at their feet. Then for the pantomime—first, the look of surprise, then of gratitude, the *congré* and the torrent of applause. The hand of the performer is probably upon the heart when he is before the audience; it may be on the proboscis when out of sight of it!!!"

[The vicissitudes of things are alarming. Dr. Porson would have damned them. With how much more reason might Leopold de Meyer!—ED.]

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

As a contrast to the articles quoted from American papers about the "lion-pianist" in No. 45 of the "Musical World," we beg to offer the following:

"DE MEYER'S CONCERT.—We yesterday promised our readers an article about the above concert, but we expected that our time would allow us to write an elaborate critique, which we cannot do now. Despite the silly and ridiculous humbug of putting his own caricature at the head of *his own bills*, (an idea which every sensible man must laugh at and confess that it is the very perfection of humbuggery, and as unworthy an artist as it is ridiculous) despite the evident intention, which was tolerably well known and understood of injuring and annoying Camillo Sivori, whose concerts had unfortunately to be postponed for a week, a large audience assembled at the Tabernacle to hear De Meyer's hammering, our favourite and excellent Burke's playing, the singing of Misses Koransky and Rachel, of Mr. Hecht, and the splendid performances of George Loder's unrivalled orchestra. The house was indeed well filled, and were it not for the great number of free tickets given to *cacqueurs* would have yielded a handsome profit to the 'Lion,' or as 'Yankee Doodle' calls him, 'Lyn Pianist.' Mr. De Meyer never played better or more effectively, and although we dislike the humbuggery part of the entertainment as much as any one can do, (the bouquets, wreaths, &c., obtained at Thorburn's, John-street, and which greatly increased the expenses of the concert) we must, in critical justice, observe that as a pianist, he merits all the praises ever lavished upon him by the press, and much more. Mr. Joseph Burke was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and played with a precision, skill, and taste that beggar description. We have a right to be proud of him, for we question much whether there are many violinists alive, who can at all compare to him. Paganini's Carnival was never more delightfully performed, except perhaps by the great Maestro himself. Mr. Burke's general intonation, his pizzicatos, double stops, and in fact all about his performance was as masterly as anything we ever heard. Ole Bull made a large fortune in this country, but certainly never played the Carnival equal to Burke on Thursday evening. Why the indebtedness of the musical world to Ernst, who wrote some of the variations, should have been mentioned in the bills we know not, and can only account for it as being a part of a plan to injure Sivori, the great and only pupil of Paganini himself. The orchestra played three grand pieces, the overture of *Oberon*, and the marches *D'Iby* and *Marocaine*. To praise these performances, or George Loder's conducting, would only be a thrice told tale, as all the world is already loud and enthusiastic upon the subject of their excellence. Mdlle. Rachel sang two songs, and received much and well merited applause, especially in the one by De Beriot. Fraulein Koransky looked and sang charmingly, and delighted all her friends by her well known, and favorite Aria from *Der Freischütz*. Herr Hecht was in fine voice, and certainly pleased better than on any former occasion."

Thus wags the American world, for further accounts of which

read our New York letter in another page. The critic, who has evidently been paid by both parties, cannot abuse De Meyer's playing, however he might affect to disapprove certain of his practices. Ernst, however, had better have been left alone. The *Carnaval de Venise*, as now played, is his, not in part but in *toto*.

HIE TO MY LADY'S BOW'R.

WORDS FOR MUSIC

By Desmond Ryan.

Hie to my lady's bow'r,
Bird of the lonely hour,
And pour thy tuneful plaint
Amid the silence faint !

Hie—
On love's light pinions fly !
Then to her list'ning ear
With melody so clear
That wakes the slumb'ring moon,
Thy mournings sweet attire,
And tell
The grief she knows full well !

Tell to my lady-dove
Thy own sad tale of love,
What love to thee was shown—
But now thou art alone—
Tell
Thy last and dark farewell !
Then softening at thy tale,
Thy song may chance prevail
Till to those gentle eyes
Sweet pity's streams arise—
And then
She may be mine again !

AMERICAN WIT.

HIS EXCELLENCE YANKEE DOODLE has officially recognised the Hon. G. C. Reitheimer as Chargé d'Affaires of his Majesty Leopold de Meyer, Monarch of all the Musicians, Emperor of Empiries, Prince of Pianists and Grand Duke of Diddle-dum. The consequence has been the following important diplomatic announcement at the foot of his Majesty's bills.

"TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH."

Young Ladies and Gentlemen under 14 years of age, half price.

NO POSTPONEMENT ON ACCOUNT OF THE WEATHER.

G. C. REITHEIMER, *Chargé d'Affaires.*

[The Yankee Doodle is the New York *Punch*, and the above is a specimen of its flavour. The hit is intended for Leopold de Meyer.—ED.]

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of Goethe.

(Continued from page 574.)

PART I. CHAPTER IV.

THE topographical chart upon which the estate and its environs, according to a pretty large standard, were characteristically and intelligibly represented by pen-strokes and colors, and which the Captain had based upon some trigonometrical measurements, was soon finished. No one required less sleep than this active man. His day was always devoted to the end immediately in view, and thus something was always done in the evenings.

"Let us now," said he to his friend, "proceed to the remainder of our work—to the description of the property, for which sufficient preliminaries have been already made, and from which will be

developed our plans for farming and other matters. Only let us lay it down as a fixed principle, to separate from life all that may be properly called *business*. Business demands seriousness and severity—life, freedom of action. Business demands the strictest consistency, while to life inconsistency is often needful—nay, pleasant and cheerful. If you are sure in the one, you can be so much the more free in the other, while by mixing the two, the *sure* is carried away and destroyed by the *free*."

Edward felt a slight reproach in these remarks. Although not disorderly by nature, he could never bring his mind to arrange his papers in compartments. That which he had to do in connection with others, and that which merely depended on himself, were not kept apart, and in the same manner he did not sufficiently sever business and occupation—amusement and dissipation. This, now, became easy to him, through the exertions of his friend, for a second *Ego* effected the division, into which the one *Ego* could not split itself.

In the wing of the castle devoted to the Captain, they formed a repository for the present, an archive for the past, brought together all documents, papers, presses and chests; and in no time the whole chaos was reduced to an agreeable order, and lay properly divided and ticketed. What they had desired turned out even better than they had hoped. In this matter they derived great assistance from an old clerk, who remained at his desk all day, and a part of the night, and with whom, till the present time, Edward had always been dissatisfied.

"I can recognize the man no more," said Edward, "so active and useful he has become."

"The reason is," said the Captain, "that we give him nothing new to do, till he has conveniently finished what he has in hand already, and thus, as you see, he is able to get through a great deal. As soon as he is disturbed, he can do nothing."

While the friends passed their day together in this fashion, they did not fail to visit Charlotte regularly every evening. If no company came from the neighbouring estates and districts, which was often the case, both reading and conversation were usually directed to such subjects as were connected with the well-being, the advantages, and the comfort of civil society.

Charlotte, ever accustomed to turn the present moment to account, felt herself personally benefitted, while she perceived the satisfaction of her husband. Various household arrangements, which she had long desired, but had not been able to take in hand, were effected by the activity of the Captain. The family dispensary, which had hitherto consisted of a very few articles, was now, with the assistance of books and consultations, brought to such a degree of perfection, that Charlotte was able to exercise her beneficent and active disposition more frequently and more effectively than before.

While the ordinary, yet startling cases of emergency were taken under consideration, everything was procured that might tend to the recovery of persons drowned. This was especially necessary on account of the great number of ponds and water-works in the vicinity, which occasioned several accidents of this description. This department the Captain brought to great perfection, and Edward let fall the remark, that an incident off the sort, which had once befallen his friend, had made a most singular epoch in his life. But when the Captain remained silent, and seemed desirous to avoid a painful reminiscence, Edward likewise checked himself, and Charlotte, who had some general knowledge of the circumstance, avoided pressing it further.

"All these provident arrangements are highly commendable," said the Captain one evening, "but the most essential matter is yet wanting. We must have a clever man, who is able to manage all this. Allow me to propose a military surgeon of my acquaintance, who is now to be had on tolerably easy terms—a man of great ability in his profession, and one who in the treatment of violent internal complaints has often given me more satisfaction than an eminent physician. Besides, immediate assistance is always that which is most wanting in the country."

The surgeon was immediately sent for, and Edward and his wife were highly delighted that they had found occasion to employ, in the most useful manner, so many sums of money, which remained over for mere arbitrary expenditure.

Thus did Charlotte also employ the knowledge and activity of the Captain, according to her own views, and beginning to be per-

feely satisfied with his presence at the castle, felt quite at ease as to consequences. She generally prepared herself to ask many questions, and as she was fond of life she endeavoured to remove everything of an injurious or deadly nature. The lead glazing in earthenware, and the verdigris in copper-wares, had already given her much uneasiness. She contrived to get instruction on these matters, and this naturally led to the elements of chemistry and physical science.

Edward's inclination to read to the party afforded an incidental, but always welcome occasion for conversation of the sort. He had a deep and very melodious voice, and had before gained a reputation for his animated and feeling recital of works of poetry and eloquence. Now he was occupied with other objects, and the books which he read were of a different nature; having for some time past consisted of works on physical science, chemistry, and the useful arts.

One of his peculiarities, which perhaps he shared with many others, was a strong dislike of any person looking into his book while he was reading. In earlier times, when reading poems, plays, and tales, this dislike was but a natural consequence of the strong desire which the reader aloud has in common with the actor and the narrator, of surprising, making pauses, and exciting expectations. It is exceedingly adverse to the effect thus desired when the reader is anticipated by the eyes of a third party. Edward was accustomed, therefore, when he read, so to place himself as to have no one behind him. Now the party consisted but of three persons, this precaution was unnecessary; and as there was no intention to excite the feelings, nor to surprise the imagination, he did not take any particular care in this respect.

One evening it struck him, when he had carelessly seated himself, that Charlotte looked into his book. His old impatience revived, and he reproved her somewhat unkindly.

"It is a pity that such breaches of good manners, with much else that is annoying to society, do not altogether fall into disuse. When I read anything to a person is it not the same as if I speak? That which is written or printed takes the place of my own mind—of my own heart; and do you think I should take the trouble to speak, if there was a window in my forehead or in my breast, so that he to whom I wished to communicate my thoughts or my sentiments one by one could always predict what was coming? When any one looks into my book, I always feel as if I were torn into two pieces."

Charlotte, who in both greater and smaller circles evinced a particular talent for turning aside any unpleasant, strong, or even too animated expression, for shortening a tedious conversation, and giving an impulse to a stagnate one, did not on this occasion, show a want of her natural gift.

"You will excuse me for the fault I have committed, when I confess what occurred to me this very instant. I heard you read bout 'Affinities,' and then I thought of my own relatives—a cousin or two, who give me some trouble at the present time. My attention returned back to your reading, I heard that the subject merely referred to things inanimate, and I peeped into the book, to take up the thread again."

"It is a mere similarity of expression that has misled and perplexed you," said Edward. "What I am reading merely relates to earths and minerals; but man is a true Narcissus, and places himself as a foil to the whole universe."

"Yes," added the Captain; "thus does he deal with everything he finds around him. His wisdom and his folly, his will, rational and irrational, he bestows on the animals, the plants, the elements, and the gods."

"If you would be so kind," said Charlotte, "to inform me, as briefly as possible—for I would not lead you from the subject immediately before us—what is exactly meant by these 'Affinities'?"

"That I will do willingly," said the Captain, to whom Charlotte had turned, "at least, as well as I can; for I learned the matter by reading about ten years ago. Whether the scientific world still adheres to the same opinion in this respect, and whether it agrees with more modern doctrines, I am unable to say."

"It is a misfortune," exclaimed Edward, "that we can no longer

* The word "Verwandschaft" is always used for "relationship;" and hence Charlotte's mistake was much more natural than appears from the English word "Affinity."

learn anything for our entire lives. Our forefathers remained true to the lessons they received in their youth; but we have to learn everything over again every five years, if we would not be quite out of the fashion."

"We ladies," said Charlotte, "are not so particular; and to speak the truth, I only want to be right as to the meaning of the word; for there is nothing more ridiculous in society than the wrong application of a strange, technical expression. Hence I wish to know in what sense the word 'Affinities' is used, when applied to the objects in question. As to the scientific part of the matter, we will leave that to the learned, who themselves, I have remarked, scarce ever come to an agreement."

"But where shall we begin, to get to the point as quickly as possible?" said Edward, after a pause, to the Captain, who reflected a little, and then replied:—

"If I am allowed to begin apparently at some distance from the subject, we shall soon reach our goal."

"Be sure that you have my whole attention," said Charlotte, laying aside her work.

"In all the natural objects of which we are aware," began the Captain, "the first thing we perceive is that they have a relation to themselves. It sounds rather odd when one utters a mere truism, but it is only by a perfect understanding with respect to that which is known, that we can advance together to that which is unknown."

"I think," interrupted Edward, "that we might conveniently explain the matter, both to her and to ourselves, by examples. Think of water, oil, quicksilver, and you will find an unity, a connection of their parts. This unity they retain, unless it is broken by force, or some other operative cause. When this is removed, they again enter into combination."

"Unquestionably," said Charlotte. "Drops of rain readily combine into streams; and when we are children we amuse ourselves with the marvels of quicksilver, separating it into globules, and then allowing these to run together again."

"And," added the Captain, "I may as well incidentally mention one important point, namely, that this perfectly pure relation—this relation which is possible with fluids—always marks itself decisively, and shews itself in the globular form. The falling drop of water is round; of the globules of quicksilver you yourself have spoken; even melted lead, if it falls, and has time enough to harden, appears in the form of shot."

"Let me see if I cannot anticipate you," said Charlotte. "As everything as a relation to itself, so must it also have a relation to other things."

"And this will differ according to the difference of the things themselves," quickly observed Edward. "Some will meet like old friends and acquaintances, who come rapidly together, and unite without mutual alteration—just as wine mixed with water. Others on the contrary will remain strange, and no mixing or rubbing will be able to combine them. Thus oil and water may be shaken together, but they are separated in a moment."

"Really," said Charlotte, "these simple forms almost seem to resemble human beings whom one has known, and still more are we reminded of societies in which we have lived. But the greatest similarity to these inanimate things is to be found in the masses, which stand opposed to each other in the world, as the varieties of rank and calling, the nobility and the third estate, the military and the civilians."

"And yet," observed Edward, "as these classes may be combined by customs and laws, so also in our chemical world may media be found to combine those things which naturally repel each other."

"Thus," said the Captain, "we combine oil and water by the introduction of alkali."

"Not too quick," said Charlotte, "let me shew that I am able to keep pace with you. Have we not come to the *Affinities* already?"

"We have," replied the Captain, "and we shall now learn to know them in their whole force and peculiarity. Those natures, which, when brought together, rapidly combine, and mutually determine each other, are said to possess *affinity*. Of this affinity the alkalies and acids, which, although they are opposed to each other, or perhaps because they are opposed to each other, shew the strongest disposition to combine, to be modified, and to form a new substance, furnish a striking instance. Chalk, which shows a great inclination towards all acids, manifests a decided desire for combination

As soon as our chemical cabinet arrives, we will shew you several experiments which are very entertaining, and will give you a far better notion than any words, names, or technical expressions."

"Allow me to confess," said Charlotte, "that if you say there is an affinity between these strange things of yours, this affinity appears to me less like that of blood, than like that of mind and soul. In precisely the same manner, really important friendships may arise among human beings; for opposite qualities render possible a more intimate connection. Therefore will I wait for you to shew me these mysterious operations. I will now," she added, turning to Edward, "disturb you no more in your reading, and being better instructed, will listen to you with attention."

"Nay, now you have once summoned us," said Edward; "you will not come off so easily, for the most complicated cases are in, fact, the most interesting. It is only in these that we learn the degrees of affinity—the nearer, stronger, more remote, lesser relations. Indeed the affinities are not really interesting till they bring about separations also."

"What!" cried Charlotte, "does this melancholy word which now, alas! occurs so often in the world, appear also in natural science?"

"Certainly," replied Edward; "it was even a title of honourable distinction to the chemists that they were called 'scheidekünstler' (artists of separation)."

"But they are called so no more," retorted Charlotte; "and so much the better. Combination is a greater art, a work of greater merit. An 'artist of union,' in any department, would be welcome to the whole world. Now, while you are in full train, let me know a few of these cases."

"Then we will take up the subject," said the Captain, "from the point, which we have already named and discussed. For instance, what we call limestone, is a calcareous earth, more or less pure, closely combined with a delicate acid, known to us in the form of gas. If, now, a piece of this limestone is put into diluted sulphuric acid, this seizes on the chalk, and produces gypsum, while the aerial acid escapes. Here we have a separation and a combination, and we still feel ourselves justified in making use of the words 'affinity of choice,'* because it really seems as if one relation was preferred to another, and chosen in its place."

"Pray excuse me," said Charlotte, "as I forgive the investigators into natural science; but I can never see in this a *choice*—rather a natural necessity, but scarcely even that, for it may, after all, be merely an affair of opportunity. Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves, and when we speak of natural substances, it seems to me that the *choice* merely lies in the hands of the chemist, who brings the things together. But if they are once brought together, then heaven help them! In the present case I cannot avoid pitying the poor gaseous acid, which is driven about through all infinity."

"It has only got to unite itself with water," said the Captain, "and, in the shape of a mineral spring, to do service to the sick and the healthy."

"It is all very fine for the gypsum to talk," said Charlotte. "That is done with, is a solid body, is provided for, while the expelled thing may get into a great deal of trouble before it finds another settlement."

"I am much mistaken," said Edward, smiling, "or there is some allusion in your remarks. Only see the point! In your eyes I am the chalk, seized by the Captain, who is the sulphuric acid, withdrawn by him from your agreeable society, and transformed into refractory gypsum."

"If your conscience," said Charlotte, "prompts you to make such reflections, my mind may be at ease. These verbal similarities are very pretty and entertaining, and, indeed, when does not similarity afford amusement? But man is nevertheless exalted many degrees above those elements, and if he has been somewhat free with the fine words 'choice' and 'affinity,' it is well for him to return into himself, and carefully to weigh the value of these expressions, when so applied. I have known cases enough, where

the intimate union of two beings which seemed indissoluble has been destroyed by the intervention of a third, and one of the parties once so beautifully linked, has been sent into the wide world."

"But chemists are much more gallant," said Edward, "for they associate a fourth, that none may go away empty."

"Aye," said the Captain, "those cases, in which we can actually show the attraction, the affinity, the separation, the cross-combination, as it were, are certainly the most important and the most remarkable—cases where four things hitherto combined, two and two, quit their former union, and combine themselves anew. In this letting-go and taking hold, in this flying and seeking, we fancy we really see evidences of a higher nature. We give the things credit for a sort of will and choice, and consider the technical expression 'elective affinity,' completely justified."

"Describe me such a case," said Charlotte.

"Mere words will not suffice for such matters," objected the Captain. "As I have already said, as soon as I can show you the experiments, all will become plainer and more agreeable. Now I should have to put you off with ugly technicalities, which, after all, would give you no notion of the subject. It is necessary to see with one's own eyes, the operation of these things, which, though apparently lifeless, have ever an internal aptitude for action, to observe with interest, how they seek, attract, lay hold of, destroy, absorb, and consume each other, and then, after the closest combination, reappear in a new and unexpected form. Then does one first believe that they possess an unceasing life, nay, even sense and intelligence, for our senses seem scarcely sufficient to observe them aright, and our reason scarcely capable of comprehending them."

"I do not deny," said Edward, "that strange technical words must appear difficult, if not ridiculous to him, who is not reconciled to them by actual observation—by clear conception. Yet we might, with the aid of letters express that particular relation, which is now under discussion."

"If you think it will not look pedantic," replied the Captain, "I can express myself very briefly in symbols. Imagine an A, which is closely connected with a B, so that many means and powers are insufficient to produce a separation. Next imagine a C, which stands in the same position with a D. Bring the two pairs into contact. A will attach itself to D, C to B, without any one being able to tell which was the first to abandon the other, or which was the first to enter into the new combination."

"Well," said Edward, "that this may be plain to all of us, we will consider the formula as a simile from which we may deduce a doctrine for immediate use. You, Charlotte, represent the A, and I am your B; for really I depend on you and follow you, as B follows A. The C is clearly the Captain, who now, in some measure draws me away from you. Thus it is but fair that to prevent you from flying off into the mere indefinite, you should be provided with a D, and this is unquestionably the amiable Ottilia, whose coming you can now no longer oppose."

"Good!" remarked Charlotte, "and although, in my opinion, this example does not altogether fit our case, I think it fortunate that we have come to such a perfect agreement to-day, and that these affinities of nature and of choice have accelerated an internal communication among us. I now own, that this very afternoon, I resolved to send for Ottilia, for the housekeeper who has hitherto been so faithful to me, is going to leave me to be married. This is the reason on my own account—what has determined me on account of Ottilia herself, you may now read to us. I will not look over you, though, indeed, I am already acquainted with the contents. But only read—read!"

So saying, she took out a letter, and handed it to Edward.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"Jullien's Album, for 1847."—JULLIEN.

THE COVER of Jullien's Album is pearl-white, illuminated with colors in ultra-marine and gold—the volume, therefore, may be said to present a fair face to the reader. The frontispiece represents a view of the *Bal Masqué* at Covent-Garden, and

* An old German word, considered as Analyzers.—TRANSLATOR.

† "Wahlverwandtschaft." The real title of the book, literally translated, is "Affinities of Choice," or "Elective Affinities," but the word "affinities" is so completely understood in a chemical sense, that the word "elective" has been dropped.—TRANSLATOR.

the opposite picture gives us a representation of the Monstre Orchestra at the Concerts. The minute treatment of the subjects of the plate is truly wonderful. An observant and imaginative eye may trace an accurate likeness in each of the members of the orchestra. To ourselves the resemblances are so striking that we detect the likeness even when the performer's head is turned from us. The portrait of Jullien himself is inimitable, and his attitude quite instinct with life. Mr. Brandard, the artist, has surpassed all his former efforts, in his minute delineation, and truthful combination of these stirring scenes. The next plate represents Flora Fabbri in the popular pas, *La Castigiana*. The semblance is decidedly to somebody, but whom, we cannot, just now, call to mind. In addition to the above pictorial gifts, the purchaser of the Album is presented with a lithographic drawing of a "Fortuneteller" spacing the destinies of two juvenile damsels with black stomachers and white petticoats to match, near a three-bar gate by the light of a very young moon. The scene is admirably adapted to recall to mind green infancy and verdant meadows. We forgot to mention the Inscription Scroll. It is beautifully designed, and splendidly illuminated, dark blue, red and gold being the prevailing colors. The Scroll is a circular figure in arabesque, surrounded with wreaths of alternate gold-flower and roses, and surmounted by cupids supporting a fountain ornamented with quaint devices. Within the scroll beneath at the left hand, a golden Cupid is seated, with head turned away, while on the opposite side a silver-white cockatoo, with reversed turn-crown and averted beak, displays as much indifference as Master Dan Cupid himself. The allegory is exceedingly happy, but rather misty. The back cover of Jullien's Album presents a spotless aspect of white, thus shadowing forth in quaint and sly allegory, the type of the *Maestro's* waistcoats. Many and various are the poets and musicians that shine on the pages of Jullien's Album. Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, Rubini, Duprez, Balfe, Mons. Three X's, Alexander Lee, Thomas Baker, J. P. Knight, Goldberg, Idem, H. Farmer, Marsanau and Roch-Albert, with some lesser others, have contributed the music; while notabilities like Albert Smith, Desmond Ryan, F. W. N. Bayley, J. W. Mould, Idem, Anon, G. Linley, R. Gilfillan, Talhain, C. M. Settinger, and other celebrated poetasters, have lent their warmth and glow to vivify and illuminate the music. The first song is by Mr. Balfe, written by F. W. N. Bayley. The song is worthy of the composer of twenty operas. The words shall speak for themselves.

THE FIRST LESSON.

Amid the burning splendor
In all the flashing light,
A whisper warm and tender
Is softly said to-night;
The fond and fairy healer,
Whose beauty is so young,
Thinks never whisper dearer
Found music on the tongue.

One hour past, her being
Was girlish as her brow,
But all her heart is seeing
Another picture now!
Her woman's love is shining,
Her eyes of beauty speak;
See kindled hope reching
In blushes on her cheek.

Fast whirls along the dancing,
Quick twinkle wianing feet,
But faster eyes are glancing,
And quicker pulse beat!
The girl who went to glisten
Amid that starry grove,
Has paus'd to look and listen,
And learn'd a woman's love.

It is impossible to particularise. A song of Roch-Albert's "Come o'er the Sea" appears to us the best in the Album. It has been sung frequently at Mons. Jullien's Concerts, and was on every occasion encored and rapturously applauded. The melody is sparkling and fascinating, and has already found its sympathetic home in the public bosom. The words are of doubtful parentage. The Album says "they are written by Anon," and Jullien's bills at Covent-Garden underscribe them, Desmond Ryan. We should be sorry to awaken any bad feeling between Mr. Anon and Mr. Desmond Ryan; we shall consequently refrain from making further comments, and shall merely quote the words—we beg pardon, Messrs.—the poetry, leaving to the more capacitated reader to discover whether they—it be the production of Mr. Anon or Mr. Desmond Ryan:—

Brightly the moon, love,

Gleams o'er the sea;

O'er the Lagoon, Love,

Come, come, with me;

Far from the world o'er the waters we'll roam,

Seeking delight in some green island home;

Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,

And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Fear not the storm, love,

Heed not the wave;

Hope's star shall light us—

Tempests to brave.

While in each other's fond looks we repose,

Love, tranquil seas, and soft winds shall disclose,

Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,

And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Life's but a breath, love,

Fortune may change;

Never can Time, love;

Our hearts estrange.

Closely we'll cling from dark sorrows and fear,

Nestling like birds when the tempest is near.

Then, come, time smiles for thee and me,

And pleasure calls, love, far o'er the sea.

Wake from thy slumbers,

Wake, love, awake!

Haste o'er the waters

Ere morning break

Night and the moonbeams invite us to flee

O'er the glad waters, O, fly, love, with me,

Then, come, love, come to some sun-bright isle,

Where peace and pleasure ever smile.

The instrumental section of Jullien's Album embraces mœurs of Beethoven and Koenig, Maretzke, Barret, Schultz, Schira, Stöpel, and Jullien, all "very good men, and very well sung." "Le Desert" of Beethoven is arranged by Roch-Albert with all the sensibility and sympathy of a kindred genius. Idem has written a very nice "Fin du Bal Galop." Idem is really a genius—quite universal. He has composed songs, and written poetry for the Album, and now he appears figuring in the instrumental department. By-the-way, who is Idem? We must now conclude our notice of Jullien's Album, well convinced we have not said half enough of its merits or its splendour.

"*Hommage à la Patrie*," *Grande Fantaisie*, for the Pianoforte, upon two national airs, dedicated to Mons. GEORGE ONSLOW, by PIO DUSSEK CIANCHETTINI.—WILLIS & CO.

God save the Queen, and *Rule Britannia* constitute the melodies upon which Mr. Cianchettini's fantasia is founded. The introduction is somewhat long, but is nicely written. Both the temas are excellently treated, and give rise to some brilliant variations, and effective points of composition. We can recommend Mr. Cianchettini's fantasia as an admirable study for the piano-forte.

"Love laughs at his troubles; or, Love's light and shade;"
Ballad. Poetry by LAMAN BLANCHARD; the music composed by CLEMENT WHITE.—H. WHITE.

A very simple and pretty ballad, with the easiest of all possible accompaniments. The air is well adapted to the words, which were penned by a poet indeed.

"The Queen and the Navy for ever!" Song. Words by J. BEULAB, Esq. Music by ROBERT GUILLOTT.—H. WHITE.

THIS is a national ballad. The words are national—the music is national—and the accompaniments are national. In short, it is a true offspring of Britannia metal. The song is worthy of favor.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

King Charles the First, a Dramatic Poem, by ARCHER GURNEY.—PICKERING.

THE perusal of the above poem has afforded us most unqualified gratification. In fact, we do not recollect for many years to have met with a work possessing more of the attributes of great writing than the present, and we hesitate not to place "King Charles the First," at once in the very first rank of dramatic literature. The diction is nervous, the thoughts poetical, and the general style easy and flowing. The situations are powerfully wrought, and the characters ably and truthfully drawn. The world-convulsing political events which form the plot of this drama have been, and are too frequently the subjects of discussion and controversy to require any special notice on this occasion; and although, perhaps, Mr. Gurney claims more sympathy for the weak and unfortunate Charles, than many persons will be inclined to concede; and although the colors in which he has painted the characters of Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, &c., are of a darker hue than our "mind's-eye" will accept as natural, still he has brought so much fervor and enthusiasm to his task, and his work gives evidence throughout of so much heart, conscientiousness, and elevation of purpose, that we can freely pardon him some errors of judgment. Mr. Gurney is already favorably known to the literary world, by his clever translation of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," his charming little poems entitled "Love's Legends," &c. &c.; but, in the present instance, an immense improvement upon his former efforts is apparent, and if he continues to progress as he has hitherto done, he must, ere long, be universally acknowledged one of the highest literary stars of the age.

(From an old Contributor.)

SONNET.

NO. X.

I SEEK to sleep, hoping that I may be
Wasted to some fair land of dreams, where nought
Hinders the servid ut'rance of the thought—
But words, smiles, glances are as wishes free;
A land, where thou mayst say thou lovest me,
Not with the anxious blush, which fear has taught,
But that which glows with maiden fondness fraught.
When all, save one soft chain, is liberty.
Oh, is that land a mere deceitful dream?
And is this world the truth—which coldly parts
Hearts destin'd for each other, without ruth?
No, let me think that vision is a gleam
Of a bright sphere, which waits for kindred hearts—
A mystic region of unfading truth.

N.D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—An interruption to the progress of *Lorella* took place on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the last appearance of Mademoiselle Flora Fabbri, who, we are given to understand, forewent her intended legal proceedings against the manager, on condition of being allowed a benefit night. The fair danseuse chose *The Maid of Artois*, *The Offspring of Flowers*, and a selection from *The Devil to Pay*, for the evening's performances. In the opera Madame Bishop never sang better—never was in more splendid voice, and never produced a greater effect. She was applauded rapturously in each *morceau*. Her solos in the duet of the second act, were received with repeated bursts of acclamation, and would have been encored but for the good nature of a portion of the audience, who took into consideration the previous exertions Madame Bishop had undergone, and were unwilling to fatigue her. As a matter of course, the famous Rondo Finale was vociferously encored, and the fair *prima donna* was greeted at the end with a profusion of wreaths and bouquets. It seems, really astonishing to us, how Madame Bishop, who appears delicately constituted, can perform six nights a week, in the longest and most trying operas, and never exhibit the least symptoms of weariness or failing off. On Wednesday night, her voice was as clear, and her intonation as perfect as on the first night she appeared in *The Maid of Artois*. Her third act was as triumphantly great as ever. This is one of the most splendid histrionic and musical achievements of the modern opera. Mademoiselle Flora Fabbri was received with great applause on her *entrée*, in *The Offspring of Flowers*. The audience were delighted throughout the evening, with the performance of the charming *beneficiaire*, who displayed the accustomed grace and precision of her style, and elicited the highest acclamations in all her favorite *pas*. If we are to judge solely from the favor shown to Mademoiselle Flora Fabbri on Wednesday evening, we should be inclined to suspect that her secession from the ballet of Drury Lane, would prove a considerable loss to the theatre. Mr. Laveno's opera has been performed on every night but Wednesday, with the new ballet, *The Wags of Wapping*, which improves in attraction. The dancing of Madile Sophie Fuoco continues to excite the greatest enthusiasm. In the *pas de deux* with M. Huguet, and in the *pas d'ensemble* with the *coryphées*, she is nightly honoured with encores. Mr. Balfé's new opera is completed. The book has been read in the green-room in presence of all the artists engaged in its performance. The subject is the French melodrama called *Le Chevalier de St. Georges*, in which Lafont is celebrated. Mr. Bunn has entitled it *The Bondsman*. The opera is already in full rehearsal.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Lester, who made so favorable a *début* last week at this theatre in the part of *Vincentio* in Webster's musical drama of the *Little Devil*, has since repeated that character several times with increased success. He is now fixed in the good opinion of the Haymarket audience. *Look before you Leap* is still running a brilliant career, and promises not only to see Christmas out, but to see the new year in.

OLYMPIC.—The rebellion of Jack Cade, introduced into the *Second Part of King Henry the Sixth*, forms an episode so distinct in itself, that it may be abstracted from the tragedy without any violence, or without infringing on the dignity of the poet. Shakspere nowhere exhibits the omnipotence of his genius more truly, than in his comic groups. What diversity and individuality of character are displayed in the satellites that revolve around Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and the

Page, are as different from each other as they are from the other personages that fill the world of his creation. What a constellation of fancy and humour are collected together in *Twelfth Night*, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in *As You Like It*, and even in most of his tragedies. Comedy was indeed the cynosure of Shakspeare's genius. It was his labor of love—or rather, it was his love without the labor—it was in him an instinctive power, or light, amounting to inspiration. The comic constellation in the fourth act of *Henry the Sixth, Second Part*, is worthy of Shakespere's intellect in his highest flights of fancy. Not a single word put into the mouths of his democratic stars is superfluous. Not a single phrase but has its deep and wholesome meaning. Under the mask of humour he satirises and lashes the follies of the times, exposes the tergiversation and instability of mobs, lays bare the hollowness of patriotism, and plucks the feather from the cap of pseudophilosophy. In the whole range of the Shakspearian drama there is no scene more exquisitely comic, or fraught with happier irony, than that in which Jack Cade knights himself. It is the sublime of the ridiculous. Such wit, and such humour, added to the bustle and dramatic changes involved in the story of Jack Cade, would have proved conducive to a highly effective entertainment on the stage, if conducted with sufficient care: but the Olympic treatment of Monday night did not exhibit adequate provision to render the piece complete at all points. The actors had not sufficient rehearsals, or did not study their parts attentively; the grouping was inartificially managed, and there were so many hitches in the exits and entrances, and so many demands on the prompter at important moments, that no piece could be expected to merit success under such circumstances. No doubt all this will be amended with each successive repetition, but the condemnation of a first performance can hardly ever be redeemed, however excellent the drama may be, or however ameliorated it may prove in subsequent representations. The cast of the characters was not bad. Mr. Maynard supported the part of Jack Cade with a seeming understanding of the rebel's rough nature and vices, and was effective in the death scene. His performance, nevertheless, was considerably marred by his ignorance of the text. Mr. Cowell enacted Dick, the Butcher of Ashford, with spirit, albeit on one occasion he hazarded a joke of his own, which did not sound quite in keeping with the author. Mr. Romer was excellent as Smith, the Weaver. He has a dull humour which tells admirably in certain characters. The scenery, dresses, and appointments were deserving of commendation. The performance was received without applause at the end, but we think, notwithstanding, that after some practice, when the actors become perfect, and grow warm in their parts, Jack Cade will have a run.

PRINCESS'S.—No novelty has occurred at this theatre during the week, unless the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, as an afterpiece, may be termed so. Goldsmith's comedy was revived for the first appearance here of Mr. S. Cowell in Diggory, that gentleman being engag'd, we should suppose, in Oxberry's place, for three years. The part of Diggory is too unimportant to induce us to offer any comments on the actor, further than saying he was successful. Loder's opera is still in the zenith of its attraction.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The performances of Mdlle. Brohan continue to excite the admiration of the lovers of true comedy. *Le Bonhomme Richard* was repeated on Monday, preceded by *Le Roman d'une heure* (not *d'une nuit*, as was misprinted last week) and *Les Rivaux d'eux memes*. Perlet's appearance was deferred, on the plea of indisposition, from Monday till Wednesday, and subsequently, on the same plea, from Wed-

nnesday till Friday. This is the more remarkable, since we have met him (or his double) almost every day this week, walking with his lady (or her double) in St. James' Park, looking younger, stouter, and healthier than we have observed him for years past. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine what inducement still retains Perlet on the stage. He is old, rich, and famous. What more can he desire? The loss of Perlet on Monday was more than made up for, to our minds, by the imitable acting of Mdlle. Brohan in *Le Bonhomme Richard*. The plot of this piece runs on an uncle's plan for reforming a rakish but good-hearted nephew. The part sustained by Mdlle. Brohan is that of a *plumassière*, a modern French character wholly differing from the classical *soubrette*, which is her acknowledged *forte*. It is then the more merit to the charming actress that she accomplished her novel task with such perfect reality and skill. The admirable dramatic critic of the *Times*, in speaking of her acting in this part, thus graphically apostrophizes her:—"The character of Fanfinette exhibits Mdlle. Brohan in a new light. She is no longer the satirical *soubrette*, but the gay, lively *Parisienne* of humble life, ready to dash with new zest into every fresh enjoyment. The scene at the dinner-table, where she makes love to the 'Bonhomme,' and wins his heart with sundry laughs and pats, was given with a spirit of hilarity of which no written words can convey even a remote conception. The gaiety of a whole existence seemed to be concentrated in that short meal, as if life, indeed, had no other end but the enjoyment of that particular dinner. This exquisite piece of acting became so much the more admirable from the circumstance that Mdlle. Brohan never before played the character. She belongs to the *Francais*, not to the *Palais Royal*, where it was produced in Paris, with Mad. Dupuis as *Fanfinette*." To which may be added another remarkable fact, that Mademoiselle Brohan studied the part the day before Mr. Mitchell brought out the piece! We trust, however, very soon to see this imitable actress in one of her legitimate parts—i. e. in one of the great comedies of the great Molière. With such artists as Cartigny, Perlet, and Mdlle. Brohan at command, Mr. Mitchell will hardly, we imagine, let the opportunity slip. The entertainments last night consisted of *Le Roman d'une heure*, (Lisette by Mdlle. Brohan)—*Le Mari et l'amant*, (Lisette, Mdlle. Brohan)—*L'homme de soixante ans*, (St. Julien M. Perlet)—and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, (Mainette, Mdlle. Brohan—we cannot write the name to often.) Of these, we must defer speaking till next week. To conclude, since the great tragedian, Mdlle. Rachel, there has been no such success for a French actress in England as that of Mdlle. Brohan, who is quite as perfect in her way as Rachel herself.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

SIR,—I have read with great pleasure a letter in your valuable periodical, signed "A Player," in commendation of Mr. Stewart's ingenious violin-holder. The writer, however, appears to have forgotten in his account of the peculiar advantage of this invention, some very important merits to which it lays claim. Saying nothing of the extraordinary simplicity of the holder, or of the fact of its presenting not the slightest difficulty in its application—the removal of all danger to the violin by pressure (in valuable instruments a most important consideration), makes it most deserving of notice. I have been in the habit of attending concerts, and have often, in common with others, experienced great annoyance, during perhaps the finest passages, by a slip of the violin; and this arising entirely from a deficiency of hold, and a want of better purchase upon the instrument. I remember distinctly upon one occasion, the imitable Ernst, at one of the grand concerts, suffering from this dilemma. In conclusion, Sir, I recommend the adoption of this perfect little holder to the members of our large orchestras, who, to keep their violins steady,

have recourse to droll contortions of the muscles, that, if one may judge, must be as painful to themselves, as it is offensive to the beholders. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

A LOOKER-ON, BUT NO PLAYER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, Nov. 18.—We went to the *Scala* last week to hear the *Lucrezia*, it was wretchedly performed. The *prima donna* was Rossi, who sang dreadfully out of tune; the tenor was Calgolari, who has a voice so weak that we could hardly hear him; in short the opera was a complete *fiasco*. Your countryman Reeves, continues to be a great favourite here; I understand he is engaged at Vienna, for the spring, as *primo tenore*. Miss Hayes has been suffering from a severe cold, nevertheless her singing the other evening in the *Lucia* was quite beautiful. We all regret she will not be here for the Carnival. Mr. Jones, a countryman of yours, is engaged at Genoa to sing in Verdi's opera of *Attila*. He was much liked at Verona, where he sang in Verdi's *Ernani*. Miss Susan Hobbs has made her *début* at Varesa; I have not yet heard what success she had.

PARIS.—A new opera, called *Gybb la Cornemuse*, the poem by Leuven and Brunswick, the music by Clapison, has been produced at the *Opéra Comique*, in Paris, with success, the principal parts sustained by Roger, Mademoiselle Delille, Madame St. Foix, MM. Henry and Grignon. Clapison is known as a popular composer of ballads. Pacini's *La Fidanzata Corsa* has been brought out at the *Theatre Italien*, with Persiani, Mario, and Coletti; it succeeded entirely. *Robert Bruce* is expected to be produced at the Académie about the 10th of next month. A new ballet, *La Tatiennne*, is in rehearsal for Carlotta Grisi, and a one-act opera by Adolphe Adam. Mr. Lumley, Director of Her Majesty's Theatre, arrived in Paris on Saturday; he has engaged Madame Montenegro, the Spanish vocalist; and, according to some of the French papers, Jenny Lind, for next season; but the latter we know to be untrue.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.—Ernst, the king of German violinists, is on the point of leaving Vienna on a tour through Russia. Viardot Garcia is creating a *furore* at Berlin in Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. Meyerbeer is going to Vienna to bring out the same opera. Conradin Kreutzer, a composer of celebrity, has been appointed Director of the Opera to the Court at Vienna, in place of Nicolai, who has accepted a post at Berlin. Conradin Kreutzer is the author of *A Night in Grenada*, an opera, which was performed by the German company in London. Mendelssohn's *Paulus* has been given at Vienna by an orchestra of nearly a thousand. A musical performance took place at Leipsic on the 11th to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Schiller. Verdi is composing a new opera for the Pergola at Florence; the subject from *Macbeth*. Jenny Lind will receive 100,000f. for her four months' engagement at Vienna. Among the operas she is likely to perform in are the *Enchantress* and *Daughter of St. Mark* of Mr. Balfe, whose *Siege of Rochelle* and *Bohemian Girl* have already been produced at the Opera-house in Vienna with great success.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The first of three "Ladies' Concerts" was held by the "Harmonic Society" at the Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, 20th November, and was attended by a brilliant company, every seat being filled. The programme was excellent, and the performances elicited unqualified approbation. "God save the Queen"

was sung at the commencement. "Welcome, sons of harmony," a glee, by Magrath, and "Faithless Emma" was sung by Miss Patten, Messrs. Wilson, Pyne, and Taylor, and encored. The "Laughing Trio (Glover)" was effectively given, and also encored. The finale to the first act of the *Love Spell*, solo, quartet, and chorus, was given with excellent precision, and equally encored. Mr. B. Taylor introduced a MS. madrigal, which was likewise encored. It is a beautiful composition, beginning *adagio*, but terminating cheerfully. The poetry is by Eliza Cook, the name "When Cloris weeps." Verdi's "Fancy, fly thy golden wing," was effectively sung by thirty-two voices, and *eke* encored; and a duet by Balfe, "Well, if I must speak my mind," by Miss Patten and Mr. Taylor, incontinently received a similar compliment. The concert concluded with the music in *Macbeth* (by desire). Miss Patten is a singer fast obtaining popularity. Her voice is a soprano of extensive compass, and she possesses taste and feeling. Miss Hobbs possesses a clear and flexible soprano, and must also be congratulated on her improvement. To Mr. Bianchi Taylor, who, as an accomplished master and conductor, is well known to fame, much praise is due. He combines talent with assiduity; and by unremitting attention has so trained the amateurs (about thirty), that these concerts have become the most attractive diversions in our city, with rare exceptions.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar's soirée musicale took place on Wednesday last, the 18th inst., at their residence, 13, Old Sydney-place, and the announcement of the performance of Mr. Henry Field, and the *début* of Herr Krauszer, in addition to the services of the beneficiaires themselves, served to attract a numerous and fashionable auditory. The simple remark that Mr. H. Field played like himself, is ample criticism upon the performance of that gentleman; it was listened to with breathless attention, and greeted at its close with the most cordial expressions of delight and admiration, and an universal demand for an encore. Of Herr Krauszer, as a stranger amongst us, it becomes us, perhaps, to speak somewhat more at large. Our previous impressions—derived from an opportunity of attending a private rehearsal—of that gentleman's physical powers were on this occasion fully confirmed; and if Herr Krauszer be content to rest his pretensions to celebrity upon the range of voice which he possesses, he has little occasion to doubt of success. We have only further space to say that Mr. Millar has engaged the German vocalist for his next soirée; and to pay the well-merited tribute of our acknowledgment of the admirable manner in which Mrs. Millar executed the large share of the programme of the evening allotted to her, and at the same time to bear testimony to the very excellent manner in which these delightful soirées are conducted by Mr. Millar. The following was the programme of a previous soirée on Wednesday the 4th inst. The pieces most favorably received are marked with a star—those that were encored, with a double star.

*Quartetto.—"Ecco quel fiero istante!"—Mrs. Millar,

Mrs. A. Croft, Messrs. Millar and A. Croft

Costa,

Donizetti.

•Duetto.—"Liberi siete."—(from *Bellario*)

Donizetti.

Aria.—"Prendi per me."—(from *Lucia*)—Mrs. A. Croft

Linley.

Ballad.—"Thou art gone from my gaze."—Mr. Pyne

*Duetto.—"Deh con te."—(from *Norma*)—Mrs. Millar

Bellini.

and Mrs. A. Croft

Croft.

Song—"My beautiful, my own."—Mr. A. Croft

*Air.—"The Minstrel's Song."—(the Poetry by Mrs.

Greville)—Mrs. Millar

Sir H. R. Bishop.

**Swiss Trio.—(by desire)—"The call to the chace."—

Krauszer.

Mr. and Mrs. Millar, and Herr Krauszer. (arranged

by Mr. Millar)

PART IX.

Trio.—"Ah! qual Colpo."—(from *Il Barbiere*)—Mrs.

Rossini.

A. Croft, and Messrs. Millar and Croft

Proch.

German Song.—Miss E. Riviere.—"An die Sterne."

Duetto.—"Su la Tomba."—Mrs. A. Croft and Mr.

Millar

Donizetti.

Swiss Echo.—Mrs. Millar

Herr Krauszer.

Serenade.—Herr Krauszer

Schubert.

**Irish Melody.—Mr. Millar.—"The meeting of the

Moore.

waters."

Rossini.

Duetto.—"Di Capricci."—Mr. and Mrs. A. Croft

Preghiera.—Mrs. A. Croft, Mrs. Millar, Mr. Pyne, Mr.

A. Croft, and Herr Krauszer

Rossini

This selection was well executed, and gave general satisfaction to a full audience. The fourth and last of Mr. and Mrs. Millar's present series of soirées musicales, at the residence of the above professors, took place on Wednesday, and was attended by a highly respectable and fashionable company, exceeding in numbers even the attendance at the last concert, the rooms being again crowded to overflowing. The programme for the evening contained the names of Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Signor Escudero, Mr. Escudero, Mr. Esquin, Mrs. Penley, Mr. Henry Field, and Herr Krauszer. The next series of these agreeable and classical reunions will commence early in the ensuing month.

COVENTRY.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given here, by the Harmonic Society, in St. Mary's Hall, on Monday last, which attracted an audience of upwards of six hundred persons. The principal performers were—vocalists, Mrs. and Mr. E. Page. Instrumentalists, violin, Mr. Stringer, and flute, Mr. Nicholson. The band played Rossini's overtures to *Semiramide* and *L'Italiana in Algeri* in very good style, paying more attention to the *p.* and *f.* crescendos, &c., than is usual. Mrs. Page sang "The Mocking Bird" and two other songs very sweetly, though labouring under severe indisposition. Mr. Nicholson (who was received with great applause) made his second appearance before a Coventry audience, and performed his little great master's (Richardson) "There's nae luck," with great effect. He has evidently practised hard since in the city before. Some of the audience were disposed to encore this piece and one of Mrs. Page's songs, but the more judicious portion overruled it. Mr. Stringer, who is a native of this place, in addition to leading the band, played two solos with a correctness of intonation and in good style, for which he obtained deserved approbation. We can only say to this young performer, "Go on and prosper." Mr. Page sang two of John Parry's songs, in a manner which would not have discredited the author himself. Taken as a whole, it has been the best concert in Coventry for some time past.

SHEFFIELD.—On Tuesday evening the Music Hall was crowded to listen to the farewell strains of the greatest English tenor that has appeared for the last half century. Mr. Braham was in excellent voice, and sung "Never Despair" and the "Death of Nelson" magnificently. Mr. Charles Braham's purity of tone and delicacy of execution reminded us of Mario. Mr. Hamilton Braham's organ has waxed more powerful and more flexible since his last visit. The concert went off splendidly and though it was announced to be Mr. Braham's "last appearance before a Sheffield audience," we hope to hear from him, on some future occasion, a few more "last words."—*Sheffield Iris.*

GUILDFORD.—On Thursday morning, 12th November, the *Messiah* was performed by the Choral Society to a large audience, who received it with high approbation. The solos were complete in the hands of Miss Birch, Miss Cubitt, Miss E. Byers, with Mr. Arthur and Mr. Leffler. The beautiful subject, "I know that my redeemer liveth," by Miss Cubitt, and the fiery "Why do the nations," by Mr. Leffler, were gems rendered in the very soul of the conceptions of the master-mind of Handel—while the choruses, conducted jointly by Mrs. Surman and Mrs. Lemare, were sent forth in the majesty of their order. Mrs. F. H. Lemare presided at the organ, and on the whole this was one of the very best performances which have long rendered the town of Guildford conspicuous for the cultivation of the highest description of music. We much regret that the New Hall, for the promotion of which the Choral Society was chiefly instrumental, by some misdirection in the construction, is neither large enough or otherwise suitable for its operations, and we trust that some improvements which have been generally suggested, to enlarge the Music Hall, will take place. The enthusiasm with which the oratorio was received, has induced the committee to announce it for repetition on the 9th of December next.—(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—This theatre opened for the season on Monday evening with a company that reminded us of good old days when Decamp was lessee, and people did go to the play as they certainly did on the occasion of which I am speaking, for I never remember seeing a more numerous and respectable audience within the walls of our Theatre. Davis, well known in the west, not only as an energetic manager, but a highly respectable man, is the new lessee, and, with his clever wife, are a host in themselves in any theatre, whether metropolitan or provincial. *As You Like It* and *The Ladies Club* were the pieces selected for the opening night. Davis and Mrs. Gurner, in Jaques and Rosalind, are already stamped as favourites with the audience. "The Seven Ages" was given most judiciously by Davis, and showed at once a good conception of the part and an experienced actor, while the ladylike acting of Mrs. Gurner was the theme of universal admiration. The Oliver and Orlando of Mr. Everett and Dawson demand our especial notice, as well as Mr. Guy in William, which, though a character of comparative insignificance, was played with great simplicity and effect. In the burletta of *The Ladies Club*, Mrs. Davis was the Mrs. Fitzsmith, and a more animated and excellent performance we have not seen for many a day. The Flammer of Royston was just what it should be, and the Sir Charles Lavender of Everett was not at all a burlesque on some of our modern club men. The ballet department in this theatre for the provinces is wonderful. E. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COVENT GARDEN.—Jullien's *Bal Masqué*, announced for this evening, has been judiciously postponed to Monday.

SUSSEX HALL.—On Tuesday evening the Infant Sisters, who entitle themselves the "Turner Family," gave a concert at the above Rooms, Leadenhall Street. We have had the pleasure of hearing these young prodigies before, and have borne evidence to their astonishing talent. Precocity of intelligence, combined with the greatest perseverance, and most assiduous cultivation, has never been more strongly exemplified than in the instance of these three children; the eldest being only eight years old, and the youngest four. The latter, Miss Sophia Ogilvie Turner, on this occasion played the old *Cuckoo Solo* of Vivaldi, on the violin. The instrument was nearly as big as the child. She also performed a waltz of Mozart's on the harp, and took part in a duet, and a trio with her two sisters; but the most amusing, and the most wonderful performance of all, was her playing "Patrick's Day" and variations, on the violin, on one string. The reader may well look astonished—but it is, nevertheless, true, as he may prove by paying a visit to the Turner Family at their next performance. We need hardly say that Miss Sophia Ogilvie Turner, the baby-violinist, as she might be called, was applauded to the ceiling, and excited the most lively admiration in the rooms. The opening *morceau* of the entertainment, "Jenny Jones," arranged as a trio, and performed by the three sisters on one harp, was the best and most satisfactory performance of the evening. The eldest Miss Turner found much favour, and deservedly, in a harp solo, with variations, on the old Welsh air, "Ar hyd y nos." This young lady plays very finely, considering her years, and promises to be an artist *par excellence*. She also played a *Grand March* of Bochaa's, with very brilliant and difficult variations, most effectively. Her execution on the instrument, and the ease and grace with which she performed, afforded universal satisfaction. The second sister, Miss Roscina Priscilla Turner, aged six, is also a young lady of much promise. She played a solo on the harp, and received considerable applause. These children are really worthy of the greatest encouragement. It is incumbent on the philosopher, not on the lover of marvels, or the concert-goer, to meditate whether such precocious cultivation may not tend to destroy the blossoms of genius, but while novelty has its attraction, and infant intelligence excites admiration, the three Infant Sisters will assuredly find favour in the eyes of the public.

On Wednesday evening, November 11th, a concert was given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Choral Society, when a new Cantata, entitled "Mount Carmel," was performed for the first time. It was composed by Dr. Elvey, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and was most flatteringly received by a crowded audience.

MADAME BISHOP.—We understand that the provincial engagements of the celebrated *prima donna* are so numerous, that she has not a day at liberty from the 27th of December to the middle of March next.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—The following joke has been transmitted to us:—"Between the fine singing *points* of Madame Anna Bishop, and the fine dancing *points* of Mademoiselle Sophie Fuoco, the Drury-Lane manager seems to stand firmly on his heels." (Between the *points* of the vocalist, and the *points* of the dancer, the *point* of the joke would appear to have evaporated.)

VOCAL CONCERTS.—(From a Correspondent.)—It was stated in a weekly paper, that the vocal concerts, which took place last season under the direction of Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips, will not be resumed next season, as was announced in the programme of the last concert. We believe the statement to be correct; but it is not owing to the

marriage of Miss Maria B. Hawes, but to an *unreserved discord* among the speculators.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. JOHN PARRY gave their annual concert in the Literary Institution, Croydon, on the 20th inst., which attracted a crowded audience. They were assisted by Miss Rainforth, Mr. Trench, and Mr. Lockey, in the vocal department; the encores were numerous. Mr. Richardson performed two solos on the flute, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Severn, who conducted the concert, which gave unanimous satisfaction.

HINTS FOR PIANISTES.—Have your pianoforte tuned at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you allow it to go too long without tuning, it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to stay at concert pitch—especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold or damp room, particularly *in a country house*—there is no greater enemy to a pianoforte than damp. Close the instrument immediately after your practice; by leaving it open, dust fixes on the sound-board, and corrodes the movements, and if in a damp room, the strings soon rust. Should the pianoforte stand near, or opposite to a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the pianoforte; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, and the less the *soft pedal* is used, the better the piano will stand in tune.

DR. REIS, the oldest musical composer in Germany, and father of the late celebrated Ferdinand Reis, died at Bonn, in Prussia, on the 4th instant.

N. P. WILLIS, the well-known American writer, was married at New Bedford, in the United States, on the 1st of last month, to a daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, Member of Congress. The fair bride is named Cornelia, and is described to be "spirituelle," and an heiress.

MR. W. THOMAS, of the Royal Academy, has just completed an opera. Some of his compositions for the harp, on which he is a talented performer, were reviewed in the *Musical World* the week before last.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY's next concert is fixed for Wednesday next, when Handel's *Solomon* will be performed.

BENEDICT.—This eminent musician and popular composer is writing an opera for the *Academie Royale* of Paris, per order. Mons. Hippolyte Lucas is the librettist, and report speaks favourably of the story on which his book is founded.

COVENT GARDEN.—Nearly seven thousand persons have attended nightly. On Wednesday, the first part of the programme was confined to the compositions of Beethoven, and the four military bands assisted in the execution of the C minor symphony. The "Army Quadrille" produces as much effect as ever. To-night is the last night of the season.

LYCEUM.—Mr. Allcroft's speculation has proved completely successful. The theatre has been full every night, and the performances have given unanimous satisfaction.

M. SAINTON.—One of the greatest attractions at the concerts of M. Jullien has been a solo for the violin, composed and performed by this admirable artist. The subject is Lindpaintner's "Standard-bearer," which Pischek has made popular. On this air M. Sainton has constructed a fantasia, which is interesting, effective, brilliant, and musician-like. He has played it several times at Jullien's with great success. Previous to this, M. Sainton performed it before Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and other illustrious personages, and was verbally complimented by them on its merit.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—On Tuesday the half-yearly general meeting of the members of the Society of British Musicians took place in Erat's Rooms. Messrs. W. V. Wallace, W. C. Macfarren, A. Mitchell, and W. Rea were elected members from the list of associates, and twenty-five new associates were selected from the list of candidates, among whom were Mr. E. Loder, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Dr. G. F. Elvey, organist of Windsor Chapel; Mr. G. Cooper, organist of Christ Church and St. Sepulchre's; Misses A. and M. Williams, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. The committee for the present year are Messrs. Clinton Lockey, Thirlwall, Macfarren, C. Horsley, J. W. Davison, Gattie, C. Stephens, and C. Severa. The third chamber concert takes place on Monday.

A CONCERT was given on Monday evening at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, under the direction of Mr. Lejeune, which was fully attended. The vocalists consisted principally of amateurs, pupils of the above gentleman, who reflected great credit on their instructor. The Misses Ellen and Eliza Lyon lent their valuable professional aid upon the occasion. The fair sisters sang several songs and duets charmingly, the audience expressing their delight, by encoring almost every piece they sang. We must not forget to mention a duett for pianoforte and violoncello, which was brilliantly performed by Mr. Charles Lejeune and an amateur.—*From an old Subscriber.*

SIVORI.—A private letter was shown us from the brother of the great violinist, in which it appears that Sivori had given four concerts at New York, and that his success, which at first was not so great as might be expected, was increasing with every subsequent performance. At the last two concerts the rooms were crowded to excess. The Americans very wisely trust little to hear-say, and they look with an eye of suspicion on every fresh importation from the old world. Sivori was at Boston when the epistle was penned, and speaks in the highest terms of his reception in Yankeeland, and of his future prospects.

INGREDIENTS OF PUNCH.—Dion Bourcicault being asked to analyse PUNCH, gave the following as its components. Douglas Jerrold is the acid; A'Beckett, the spirit; Mayhew, the sugar; Thackeray, the water; and Mark Lemon, the spoon.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT has been starring in Dublin, and notwithstanding she has been most creditably supported in some of her leading performances, the Theatre Royal was but indifferently attended. Miss Helen Faucit, after a professional tour in the chief towns of Ireland, returns to London.

AN HISTORICAL CHARACTER.—Died, in August last, in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, says the *Boston Mail*, Madame Majocchi, wife of the witness in the famous trial of Queen Caroline, of "*non mi recordo*" memory—mother of the Italian opera performer known in New York and elsewhere as Madame Majocchi Vatellina. Majocchi found England too hot for him after the trial of the Queen; but it was not known to what part of the world he betook himself. By the above we presume he is still living in the United States.—*Worcester Guardian.*

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—In the *Manchester Advertiser* of Nov. 14th is a fine specimen of the mode of "doing criticism" in which, it would seem, some writers indulge. On the evening of Friday week the pieces for performance at our Theatre Royal were *Coriolanus* and *The Twelfth Night*; and on the performances of the latter play, the critic in the *Advertiser* comments at some length, noticing many of the actors individually. Thus: "Mr. Davidge, as Malvolio, is in himself a host; and on this occasion he acquitted himself in a manner which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed." Now,

would any one imagine that the writer was drawing on his imagination for his criticism, and penning a notice of a piece which was not acted at all that night? Yet such is the fact! In consequence of Mr. Davidge's severe indisposition, he was unable to go to the theatre, and an apology was made for substituting some other piece—we think *Jockey's Stratagem* for the *Twelfth Night*. If Mr. Davidge "is host in himself," it is clear that the *Advertiser* critic has reckoned without his host; and to him, rather than to the actor, we would apply his own words, that—"on this occasion, he (the critic) acquitted himself in a manner which, in our opinion, cannot be surpassed." Then we are told that "Mr. L. L. Thompson did not do justice to Sir Toby Belch;" and the critic adds, "We are never so well pleased with any of Shakspere's characters as when an actor follows strictly the advice of Hamlet, and 'speaks no more than is set down for him.'" Hold, good critic, or you'll be the death of us. Certainly, you know how to pickle the rod for yourself. The critic "missed Mr. Saunders," and a pretty miss or mess he has made of it; "Mr. William Cooper was better than we expected: Mr. Wyndham represented the love-sick duke with great propriety, and Miss Montague, as Viola, was charming and graceful." Her enunciation of the beautiful lines, commencing "She never told her love," was very touching." It certainly is true, that on that evening Miss Montague "never told her love." "Mr. Maddock deserves praise," &c. "The less said of Mr. Wm. Beverley's Sebastian the better." "Ay, or of anyone else in this non-acted play. "Mrs. Gilbert played the wilful Olivia with a power of truthfulness which delighted us." Really, one might infer from all this, that criticism, in some hands, is "as easy as lying."—*Manchester Guardian*.

DRURY-LANE.—The following list of the nobility and gentry, who have visited Drury-Lane within the current month, tends to show that there is no lack of aristocratic support for English artists, when there is real worth to enlist and deserve it. When such a singer as Madame Bishop is the *prima donna* of an operatic establishment, there can be no more want of interest to the aristocracy than to the mediocrity:

Miss Coutts; the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield; Lord Canterbury; Hon. H. Baring; Lord Anson; Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford; Lady Fitzroy Somerset; Lord A. Fitzclarence; Lord Forester; Lord H. Lennox; Lord Willoughby de Eresby; Lord Fitzhardinge; Sir W. and Lady Graham; Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce; Lord Cantilupe; Lord Belfast; Sir G. Wombwell; Lord W. Lennox; Lady Tyrwhitt; the Hon. H. Stanley; Lord Carrington; Lord Cardigan; Earl of Strathmore; Duke of Leeds; Earl of Munster; Captain Seymour; Lord A. Vane; Hon. A. Egerton; Hon. M. Egerton; Colonel Knox; Captain de Bathe; Hon. W. Jocelyn; Sir Henry Webb; Lord Clifden; Sir Charles Shakerley; Captain Spencer; Major White; Lord Mandeville.

This may serve to refute a remark which a writer of the *Morning Post* made on Monday, viz.—"that wealthy amateurs never patronise English opera, and only come to Drury-lane when the ballet commences." So far from this being the case, it is a fact that almost all the nobility and gentry above named were particular in arriving before the opera commenced, and that Miss Burdett Coutts, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Tyrwhitt seem so delighted with Madame Bishop, in the *Maid of Artois*, that they requested from the manager a repetition of the performance.

A MUSICAL MATCH.—Haydn challenged Mozart to compose a piece of music which the former could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the task, and supper and champagne was to be the forfeit. In five minutes a piece of music was produced, and handed to Haydn, with a bantering boast from Mozart, "There, sir, is a composition which you cannot play, and I can." Haydn sat down to the instrument, surprised at the simplicity of the music that was to puzzle him; but when he

had got half-way through it he suddenly stopped, saying, "How's this, Mozart? how's this? You've got my hands stretched out to the ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched? Nobody can play such a piece of music as this." Mozart laughing at Haydn's perplexity and anger, took the abandoned seat, and began. Running through the easy passages, he came to the difficulty which his friend found insuperable; and bobbing his head, struck the key with his long nose, and was at the end of the composition in a trice. Haydn, with whom such a feat was a physical impossibility, burst into a roar of laughter, and confessed that Nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he (Haydn) had never before discovered, and to which he could lay no claim. The forfeit was cheerfully paid.

ABSTRACTION OF A MUSICIAN.—Dr. Morell, who furnished Handel with the poetry of his Oratorios, related that "One fine summer morning he (Dr. M.) was roused out of his bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The Doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage. Handel was at that time composing an Oratorio. When the Doctor asked him what he wanted, he said, 'What de devil means the word, billow?' which was in the Oratorio the Doctor had written for him. The Doctor, after laughing at so ridiculous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant a wave of the sea, 'Oh, de vave,' said Handel, and bade the coachman return, without addressing another word to the Doctor."—*Maidstone Gazette*.

JULLIEN.—The celebrity of this polyhedric, panto-popular wielder of the baton is daily and nightly verging on the infinite. At Verey's the *Convives*, now no longer shout vociferously for *Soupe à la Jullienne*, but bawl obstreperously for *Soupe à la JULLIEN*. We shall soon have *fricasseé à la Bishop*; *Perdriz passée à la Fornasari*; *Tete de veau sautée à la Verdi*; and *Baton sucré à la Balfé*.

M. AND MAD. THEODORE.—These popular and excellent dancers made their last appearance for the season, on Wednesday, at Flora Fabbri's benefit. They danced with their usual taste and skill, and were loudly and unanimously applauded. We trust to see them soon again.

THE UNIVERSAL GAS BURNER.—**THIRTY TO FIFTY PER CENT SAVED!**—We have had an opportunity of inspecting the principle of this invention, and we confess it appears to us superior in brilliancy, and freedom from that great evil of the burners commonly used—allowing quantities of unconsumed carbon to pass through the flame, to the great injury of delicate fabrics, bronze, gilding, plate, jewellery, &c. To those who are aware of the cause of two colours in the flame of a gas burner, it will be a convincing proof of the success of this application of the best principles of combustion, to say that the flame is *quite white* down to the orifices from which the gas escapes, showing, whatever minute particles of uncombined carbon may be carried through the burner, they are here entirely consumed; and thus the only gaseous product evolved are carbonic acid, and the vapour of water, quite innocuous to furniture or ornamental work. The orifices on the circular plate of the burner are extremely minute; and a tube passes up the centre, conveying a stream of atmospheric air to a conical chamber, about an inch above the burner, and which is pierced with numerous holes, through which it impinges on the centre of the flame, and by its force curving it out into the shape of a tulip, and greatly aiding in the perfect combustion. From experiments which have been made at the Polytechnic Institution and the Adelaide Gallery, with Professor Wheatstone's photometer, the results were a far more bri-

liant light, and a consumption of only two-thirds the quantity of gas required by other concentric ring burners. The principle on which this burner is constructed is truly scientific, and, we doubt not, it will meet with that demand to which its economy and advantages so justly entitle it. The Dépot for inspection, and sale of the "Universal Gas Burner," is at 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.—*Mining Journal*.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—The *Morning Herald* informs us that a memorial to Government has been lying for signature at the Glasgow Royal Exchange, recommending a pension for life for this popular dramatist.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F.—The privileges alluded to by our correspondent, are contingent on the conditions specified in the preamble.

MANCHESTER.—We trust our excellent correspondent will not forget his promises about the "Hargreaves Choral Society," and other musical doings of Manchester.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

M. JULLIEN'S

GRAND BAL MASQUÉ.
MONDAY, November 30th, 1846.

M. JULLIEN

Has the honour to announce, that this

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH,

Being most positively

THE ONLY BAL MASQUE THIS SEASON.

Admission to the Ball, 10s. 6d.

The Audience portion of the Theatre will be reserved for the exclusive accommodation of Spectators,

Who, by application at the Box Office, on Monday, can secure their Boxes or Places, which will be retained for them during the whole Evening.

Prices of Admission for Spectators.

DRESS CIRCLE	5s.
BOXES	3s.
LOWER GALLERY	2s.
UPPER DO.	1s.

Private Boxes, from £1, 3s. and upwards.

Ladies and Gentlemen taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Salle de Danse without extra charge.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine.

Dancing will commence at Ten.

The order of the Dances will be directed by the Maîtres de Ceremonie, with whose arrangements Visitors are respectfully requested to comply.

Refreshments will be supplied during the Evening, and consist of Ices, Sherbet, Carrara Water, Tea, Coffee, &c.

The Supper will be served at One o'Clock.

Mr. L. NATHAN, 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier.

No person will be admitted in the Costume of Clown, Harlequin, or Pantaloons.

The Police regulations will greatly facilitate the arrival and departure of Carriages, and it is hoped that Ladies and Gentlemen will enforce compliance with them on the part of their Coachmen.

The Box Office of the Theatre will remain open until 7 o'Clock.

All persons having demands on the Establishment on account of the Concerts or Bal Masque, will please to send in their Accounts on or before Wednesday next, and to apply for payment on Saturday next, December 3rd, at 3 o'Clock.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

Is acknowledged as the best specific after three years' trial, for improving the voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to clergymen, singers, actors, public speakers, and all persons subjected to relaxed throats. The above Lozenge is taken constantly by the most celebrated artists, members of Parliament, and barristers, and is considered as the most efficacious remedy they have ever used. Testimonials are published with each box. Wholesale agents, Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards and Newbery and Sons St. Paul's Churchyard; Sanger and Dietrichsen and Hannay, Oxford-street; and retailled by respectable Chymists in the Kingdom.

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The shield of her freedom and glory,

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Who's deeds are recorded in story;

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No foe could her strength e'er disserve;

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* The Band Parts of these two very popular Sets of Quadrilles are also published.	

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J. HART

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UNIVERSAL GAS BURNER,
Giving the most powerful and purest Light at the
INCREDIBLE PRESSURE OF THREE-TENTHS,
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"In a series of experiments made upon Clark, McNeil, and Co.'s Patent Universal Gas Burner, its superiority was satisfactorily established. In economy and the quality of the light. Tested against argand burners, Nos. 4 (12 holes), and 6 (15 holes), it afforded a saving of at least 25 per cent, and against three fish-tail burners, No. 4, 40 per cent. The color and brilliancy of the flame is superior to any other burner." T. W. KRATES, Consulting Chemist, J. D. PALMER, Mechanical Inspector.

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LOUIS SPOHR,
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(Extract from the DAILY NEWS, Nov. 24th, 1846.)

"Since the death of Beethoven, who, in every branch of music to which he applied his mighty genius, put comparison with any one else out of the question, and the more recent death of the illustrious Cherubini—Spohr and Mendelssohn have divided between them the undisputed supremacy of the musical Parnassus. They may be regarded as rivals; but it is a rivalry consistent with affectionate personal friendship; and no other living musician can enter into competition with either of them. In the class of concerted chamber music for instruments, Onslow stands next to them, but at a very considerable distance. Many of his Quintets for stringed instruments (a form of composition to which he has especially devoted himself) are deservedly in high favour both among professional performers and amateurs. They are exquisitely finished and full of delicate touches and beautiful traits of melody and harmony; but their beauties are chiefly those of detail. They are like large pictures finished with the nicety of miniatures, but deficient in grandeur of outline, and in breadth and force of colour. In these respects, as well as in boldness and originality of thought, both Spohr and Mendelssohn are greatly his superiors. Spohr (as is well known) before he became one of the greatest of Handel's successors in the oratorio, was the most accomplished Violinist of his time; and his Concertos, Quartets, &c., for that instrument, have been well known for many years. It is only recently that he has begun to compose for the Pianoforte; but the few works he has produced for it (Grand Sonata for Piano Solo Op. 125. Three Grand Trios for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, and a few Duets concertante for Piano and Violin) show a thorough knowledge of its powers and effects. His second Quintet for the Pianoforte and stringed instruments, now before us, is his very latest work, and has just been published in London from the original German score; the London edition being of course, printed in separate parts. We have examined it with a degree of satisfaction which is enhanced by finding that, while it displays all the great features of Spohr's genius, it is much better calculated for general use than many of his previous works. Our amateurs, both male and female, are rapidly improving in instrumental performance. By means of the many concerts expressly dedicated to classical chamber music, they are learning to know and to love the highest and purest productions of the art: and it is to the influence of such concerts, whether carried on by associations of amateurs, such as the 'Musical Union' and the 'Beethoven Quartet Society' (formed by the late lamented Mr. Alzager), or by individual professors, that we look for the correction of much that is vitiated in the present fashionable taste. The ladies especially, who frequent these concerts, (and they are very numerous) are learning to estimate, at their true value, those displays of mere mechanical dexterity which pass at present for the highest aim and object of pianoforte playing. Any well educated lady performer, whose taste has been thus cultivated, will be able to 'attack' this Quintet of Spohr; and the innumerable private quartet parties now to be found in every part of London, and in many provincial towns, will furnish amateurs, able to execute the other parts with taste and correctness. Such performers will find it full of interest. It commences with an *allegro moderato* in D minor, the opening of which, consisting of short, abrupt, dissonant chords, struck with great force on the Pianoforte, the intervals between them being filled up by soft phrases of harmony breathed by the stringed instruments, is new and impressive. This idea, mingled with a melodious second subject, is carried through the whole movement. The *scherzo* which follows is less rapid, and is consequently both easier and more pleasing than such movements generally are. The *Adagio*, in A major, and in twelve-eight time, has for subject a most beautiful and expressive strain, treated with that unity of design and variety of effect of which the greatest masters only are capable. The whole terminates with a bold and vigorous *finale*, in the major of the original key. The impression produced by the whole piece is the sense of beauty arising from smoothness and repose. The passages for all the instruments are generally *legato*, round and flowing; the strong and rapid passages occasionally introduced, tending, by the effect of contrast, to heighten the prevailing impression."—*Daily News*.

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